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for JANUARY

The Great Alabama Arbitration

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL has obtained, from the only living men who were present at the great "international lawsuit" for the settlement of the Alabama Claims, accounts of the trial which supplement history and present new phases of the proceedings of the court at Geneva. Mr. HILL's narrative is one of his striking series on "Decisive Battles of the Law," and makes fascinating reading. It is illustrated with photographs and from sketches made at the time in Geneva.

Touches of Nature in a Children's Library

There is much human nature to be found in a children's library, and many amusing things to be seen and heard. Miss GERTRUDE URBAN writes of daily experiences with the children, their interesting types and funny points of view. The pictures accompanying the article are by Ivanowski.

A Little Country Overlooked by Tourists

ROBERT SHACKLETON discovered between Paris and Berlin a quaint and beautiful country where for a few francs he was able to hunt wild boar, for a few dollars he could hunt deer, and with his lodging at the inn was included the right to miles of fishing. This was the grand-duchy of Luxembourg, a little, independent state curiously overlooked by the tourist. Mr. SHACKLETON gives a delightful personal account of it.

Newly Discovered Letters of George Washington

The death of a recent private collector revealed his possession of certain letters written by George Washington to George and James Clinton, and hitherto missing from all compilations. Some of these letters appear in the January number, and throw light on a lost chapter of the American Revolution. There is also Washington's war-map of New York and New Jersey, which bears his own markings and has never before been published.

What is the Actual Cause of Death?

In this remarkable paper Professor ELIE METCHNIKOFF, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, takes for his thesis the idea that death is caused by auto-intoxication, and that there exists in the body of each individual a desire for death as a purely natural function, so to speak. It is an article that will intensely interest every reader.

9 Striking Short Stories

Besides SIR GILBERT PARKER's magnificent serial, "The Weavers," there are nine short stories in this number representing the best in this form of fiction. These are written by MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN, THOMAS A. JANNIER, JENNETTE LEE, MARY KNIGHT POTTER, CHESTER H. BROWN, GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN, MARIE VAN VORST, and EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK.

Lincoln As I Knew Him

BY WILLIAM H. CROOK (*HIS BODY-GUARD*)

COMPILED AND WRITTEN DOWN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

IT was in November, 1864, that four police officers were detailed by Mr. William B. Webb, who was then chief of police in the District of Columbia, to be a special guard for President Lincoln. They were to act on instructions from headquarters, and were also to be subject to any orders the President might give. The men were Elphonso Dunn; John Parker, Alexander Smith, and Thomas Pendel. All but Thomas Pendel have since died. They reported immediately to the White House. Not long after the appointment a vacancy in the position of doorkeeper occurred, and the place was given to Pendel. On the 4th of January I was sent to the White House to act as the fourth guard.

There was rotation in the service, although the hours were not invariable. The general plan was this: Two men were on duty from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon. These officers guarded the approach to the President in his office or elsewhere in the building, accompanied him on any walks he might take—in general, stood between him and possible danger. At four another man went on duty and remained until midnight, or later if Mr. Lincoln had gone outside the White House and had not returned by that time. At twelve the second night-guard went on duty, and remained until he was relieved, at eight in the morning. The night-guards were expected to protect the President on his expeditions to and from the War Department or while he was at any place of amusement, and to patrol the corridor outside his room while he slept. We were all armed with revolvers.

The reasons why the friends of Mr. Lincoln insisted on this precaution were almost as evident then as they became later. Marshal Ward Lamon and Secretary Stanton had been begging him, it

is said, since 1862 not to go abroad without protection of some kind. Mr. Lamon has said himself that he was especially fearful of the President's showing himself at the theatre. He considered that a public place of amusement offered an opportunity for assassination even more favorable than Mr. Lincoln's solitary walks or the occasional drive or horseback ride he took to the Soldiers' Home. Mr. Stanton is known to have been angered by a lack of caution which, on the part of a man so indispensable to the welfare of the nation as its President, he regarded as foolhardiness. For the President had always been inclined, in his interest in the thing that absorbed him, to forget that he was vulnerable. Every one remembers how, when he was watching Early's threatened attack on the fortifications north of Washington, he exposed himself recklessly to chance bullets. He hated being on his guard, and the fact that it was necessary to distrust his fellow Americans saddened him. He refused to be guarded as long as it was possible for a sane man to persist.

But toward the end of 1864 so much pressure was brought to bear on him, particularly by Marshal Lamon and Secretary Stanton, that he finally yielded. He had admitted to Ward Lamon before this that he knew there was danger from a Pole named Garowski, who had been seen skulking about the White House grounds. He told Lamon of a shot that had barely missed him one day when he was riding to the Soldiers' Home. Conspiracies to abduct or assassinate the President were constantly being rumored. At first he contended that if any one wanted to murder him no precaution would avail. Finally, although he was always more or less of this opinion, the President gave way to the anxieties of

those near to him. He consented to the guard of police officers and, on longer journeys, to a cavalry guard.

There were many reasons why this fact was not known at the time and has not been generally understood since. In the first place, the President's bravery—rashness some called it—was so universally recognized, he had refused for so long to take any precautions, that people were not looking for him to change. In the second place, both from his own feelings and as a matter of policy, he did not want it blazoned over the country that it had been found necessary to guard the life of the President of the United States from assassination. It was not wise—especially at this critical time—to admit so great a lack of confidence in the people. He was sensitive about it, too. It hurt him to admit it. But realizing that he had been chosen to save the country from threatened destruction, he forced himself, during the last months of his life, to be somewhat more cautious. When he had yielded, however, because of all these reasons he wished as little show as possible of precaution. We wore citizen's clothes; there was no mention of the appointment in the papers or in official records; we walked with him, not behind him. The President was simple in his manners; he was in the habit of talking freely with any one who wished to speak to him. So it happened that a passer-by had no way of knowing that the man in plain clothes who walked by Mr. Lincoln's side was any other than the friend, office-seeker, petitioner, adviser, who helped to fill up every minute of the President's waking time.

I was very much surprised when the order came to report to the President for duty and naturally elated. It was one Monday morning. I had never been inside the White House. I had seen Mr. Lincoln and regarded him vaguely as a great man, but had never spoken to him. The first few days I was getting my bearings and accustoming myself to the new duties. On the 9th I was put on night duty, covering the first part of the night. And so it happened that I was on guard at the first evening reception of the year, on the 9th of January. I knew the White House very well by this time—

that is, the state apartments of the first floor and the President's office in the southeast corner up-stairs. The spectacle awed me at first. I had never seen anything like it before. The reception, or "levee," as the name was then, was crowded. It was generally considered a brilliant affair. I know it dazzled me.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln stood in the octagon Blue Room, near the western door. I was in the main entrance just outside, near where the broad flight of steps used to go up to the second floor. The guests entered the northern door, left their wraps in the cloak-rooms which had been constructed in the corridor, assembled in the Red Room, made their way to the Blue Room, where they were received. Then they progressed, greeting friends in the crowd, through the Green Room to the great East Room, where they remained. On the right of the President was Mr. John G. Nicolay, one of the two secretaries; on his left Deputy-Marshal Phillips. Commissioner French presented the guests to Mrs. Lincoln. I suppose I could hardly be expected, to remember what the ladies wore. But my wife saw in the paper the next day that Mrs. Lincoln wore white silk trimmed with black lace. She had a wreath of white flowers in her hair and wore a necklace of pearls. I suppose the costume, hoop-skirts and all, would look ugly to me to-day. But we all thought Mrs. Lincoln looked handsome. To my mind she was a pretty woman, small and plump, with a round baby face and bright black eyes. Senator Sumner was present and Senator Chase with a party. That reminds me of what was to me the most exciting moment of the reception.

My orders were to allow no one who wore wraps of any kind to pass into the Blue Room. The reason for this is not hard to find. Precautions were being redoubled, and this was one of them. It would be the easiest thing in the world for a would-be assassin to smuggle weapons in under the voluminous cloaks then worn. It had been announced that guests were expected to leave their wraps in one of the rooms appointed for them. I had been instructed to make absolutely no exceptions. The newspaper the next day said, "The rule of decorum

relating to wraps was very generally observed." They didn't know about my little experience.

Several guests had attempted to enter still wearing their cloaks. But no one resisted the order when it was made known. Finally a very handsome young woman came in who asked for Senator Chase's party. She wore a wrap that completely hid her dress. She could have brought in a whole arsenal of weapons under its folds. I told her that she could not enter until she left her cloak in the cloak-room. She became angry.

"Do you know who I am?" she demanded, haughtily. I was rather nervous, for it was my first experience saying "Must not!" to White House guests. But I managed to say I did not know who she was.

"I am Mrs. Senator Sprague," she announced, as if that were final. I had heard of Kate Chase Sprague, of course, as had every one else in Washington, and of her father's ambition and her own brilliant career. But I tried to be courageous, and told her as politely as I could what my orders were and why they were given. When she saw the reason of the restriction she took off her cloak and went in to meet her friends quite graciously.

By this time most of the guests had arrived, so I had an opportunity to look about me. It was all bright and gay. For this evening at least there was no sign of the gloom that was pretty general throughout the city.

The people who crowded the rooms were in keeping with their brilliant character. The men were marked by a shade of extravagance in the cut and material of their evening clothes. There were many army officers in full uniform among the guests. The women looked like gorgeous flowers in their swaying buoyed-out skirts. They were gayly dressed, as a rule, with the off-shoulder style of low-necked gown; they all wore wreaths of flowers in their hair. The general effect of the scene was brilliant.

About eleven the President with Mrs. Dennison, the wife of the new Postmaster-General, on his arm, followed by Mrs. Lincoln escorted by Senator Morgan, entered the East Room. They talked for a few minutes with their

guests and then retired—Mrs. Lincoln to her own room and the President to the library up-stairs. The levee was supposed to be over at eleven, but some people remained until nearly twelve. After they had all left, Mr. Lincoln wrapped himself in the rough gray shawl he usually wore out-of-doors, put on his tall beaver hat, and slipped out of the White House through the basement. According to my orders I followed him, and was alone with President Lincoln for the first time.

We crossed the garden, which lay where the executive offices are now. Mr. Lincoln was bent on his nightly visit to Secretary Stanton at the War Department. I stole a glance up at him, at the homely face rising so far above me. The strength of it is not lessened in my memory by what would seem to me now the grotesque setting of rough shawl and silk hat. He looked to me just like his picture, but gentler. I will confess that I was nervous when I accompanied him that first time. I hope it was not from any fear for myself. I seemed to realize suddenly that there was only myself between this man and possible danger. The feeling wore off in time, though it was apt to come back at any moment of special responsibility, as, for instance, on the entrance into Richmond—but I mustn't get ahead of my story.

That night, as I said, I was a little nervous. The President noticed it. He seemed to know how I felt, too. I had fallen into line behind him, but he motioned me to walk by his side. He began to talk to me in a kindly way, as though I were a bashful boy whom he wanted to put at his ease, instead of a man appointed to guard him. In part, of course, his motive must have been the dislike of seeming to be guarded, of which I have spoken. But his manner was due to the intuitive sympathy with every one, of which I afterward saw so many instances. It was shown particularly toward those who were subordinate to him. The statesmen who came to consult him, those who had it in their power to influence the policy of the party which had chosen him, never had the consideration from Mr. Lincoln that he gave the humblest of those who served him.

A few strides of the President's long

legs—a few more of mine—brought us to the old-fashioned turnstile that divided the White House grounds from the enclosure of the War Department. Mr. Lincoln talked, in his slow soft voice, chiefly about the reception through which he had just gone.

"I am glad it is over," he said.

I ventured to ask if he was tired.

"Yes, it does tire me to shake hands with so many people," he answered. "Especially now when there is so much other work to do. And most of the guests come out of mere curiosity."

With these words and the half-sigh which followed we entered the east door of the War Department. In those days that was a small, mean, two-story building, just in front of the Navy Department. We went immediately to Mr. Stanton's office, which was on the second floor, on the north front, and overlooked Pennsylvania Avenue and the White House. There, at the door, I waited for him until his conference with Secretary Stanton was over. Then I accompanied him back to the White House. From the moment Mr. Lincoln spoke to me so kindly I felt at home in my new duties. I never lost the feeling which came then that while the President was so great, he was my friend. The White House never avowed me again.

For the next three weeks, while I was on duty the first half of the night, I went to the War Department with Mr. Lincoln every evening. He usually talked to me. Several times the topic was the one my presence naturally suggested—the possibility of an attempt being made on his life. Later on I will speak of this more in detail. One time while he was talking he reached out and took my hand, and I walked on for a few paces with my hand in his warm, kind grasp. We always took the same route because there was less chance of being observed than if we went by the big north entrance. There was no telegraph station in the White House, so the President had to go to Secretary Stanton's office to get the latest news from the front. Since there was practical advantage in going himself, as he could be more free from interruption there when he remained to discuss matters of policy—if the news of the night necessitated

any action—it would never have occurred to Mr. Lincoln to regard his own personal dignity and wait for his Secretary to come to him. I had opportunity to observe the difference in the attitude of Secretary Stanton's employees from ours toward the President. The great War Secretary was a martinet for discipline. And none of the clerks wanted to be around when there was bad news from the front. He always seemed to me a very bitter, cruel man. Still, there is no doubt that he was a great man. His own subordinates, though they might be afraid of his irascible temper, admired him and were loyal.

Beginning with the 1st of February, I was on duty the second half of the night, from twelve to eight in the morning. Often I had to wait for the President to return from the War Department; even when he came back comparatively early it was midnight before he got to bed. His bedroom was a small chamber in the southwest corner of the house. Mrs. Lincoln's was a larger room adjoining it. Mr. Lincoln always said, "Good night, Crook," when he passed me on his way to his room, but gave no instructions for my guidance. He was not interrupted after he retired unless there were important telegrams. Even when awakened suddenly from a deep sleep—which is the most searching test of one's temper that I know—he was never ruffled, but received the message and the messenger kindly. No employee of the White House ever saw the President moved beyond his usual controlled calm. When the first of these interruptions occurred and I had to enter the President's room, I looked around me with a good deal of interest. The place the President slept in was a noteworthy spot to me. It was handsomely furnished; the bedstead, bureau, and washstand were of heavy mahogany, the bureau and wash-stand with marble tops; the chairs were of rosewood. Like all the other chambers, it was covered with a carpet.

All night I walked up and down the long corridor which, running east and west, divided the second story of the White House in half. Usually the household, with the exception of Mr. Lincoln, was asleep when I began my watch. Oc-

casionally, however, something kept them up, and I saw them go to their rooms. I learned very soon who slept behind each door that I passed in my patrol. Somehow one feels acquainted with people when one is the only one, besides the door-keeper, awake in a great house and is responsible for the safety of them all. As I said before, the corridor divided the private apartments of the White House into two long rows, one facing south, the other north. Beginning at the west was the President's room, Mrs. Lincoln's just east of it and communicating. Then followed a guest-room, which communicated with Mrs. Lincoln's. Next to this was the library, just over the Blue Room, and, like it, an octagon in shape; this was used as the family sitting-room. In Mr. Lincoln's time a private passageway ran through the reception-room adjoining the library to the President's office beyond. By this the President could have access during his long working-day to his own apartments without being seen by the strangers who always filled the reception-room. The small room in the southeast corner was the office of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries—Mr. Hay and Mr. Nicolay. On the other side of the corridor Mr. Nicolay, when he slept in the White House, had the chamber at the eastern end. Next to his was the state guest-room, which, unlike any other room in the house, possessed a large four-poster bed with a tester and rich canopy. Between this and Taddie's room—Taddie was the only child at the White House at this time—three smaller rooms and a bath-room intervened. The boy was just opposite his father.

When in my patrol I came near to the door of the President's room I could hear his deep breathing. Sometimes, after a day of unusual anxiety, I have heard him moan in his sleep. It gave me a curious sensation. While the expression of Mr. Lincoln's face was always sad when he was quiet, it gave one the assurance of calm. He never seemed to doubt the wisdom of an action when he had once decided on it. And so when he was in a way defenceless in his sleep it made me feel the pity that would have been almost an impertinence when he was awake. I would stand there and listen until a sort of panic stole over me.

If he felt the weight of things so heavily, how much worse the situation of the country must be than any of us realized! At last I would walk softly away, feeling as if I had been listening at a keyhole.

On the 15th of February I went on day duty. During that time I necessarily saw more of the every-day life of the President and his family. Everything was much simpler than it is now. More of the family life was open to the scrutiny of the people about. I remember very well one incident which would have been impossible at any time since. I was sent for by the President, who was in his own room. In response to my knock he called out, "Come in!" I entered. To my great surprise I saw that he was struggling with a needle and thread. He was sewing a button on his trousers. "All right," he said, looking at me with a twinkle in his eye. "Just wait until I repair damages."

Mr. Lincoln, as I saw him every morning, in the carpet slippers he wore in the house and the black clothes no tailor could make really fit his gaunt bony frame, was a homely enough figure. The routine of his life was simple, too; it would have seemed a treadmill to most of us. He was an early riser; when I came on duty, at eight in the morning, he was often already dressed and reading in the library. There was a big table near the centre of the room; there I have seen him reading many times. And the book? We have all heard of the President's fondness for Shakespeare, how he infuriated Secretary Stanton by reading *Hamlet* while they were waiting for returns from Gettysburg; we know, too, how he kept cabinet meetings waiting while he read them the latest of Petroleum V. Nasby's witticisms. It was the Bible which I saw him reading while most of the household still slept.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln breakfasted at nine. Mr. Lincoln was a hearty eater. He never lost his taste for the things a growing farmer's boy would like. He was particularly fond of bacon. Plentiful and wholesome food was one of the means by which he kept up his strength, which was taxed almost beyond endurance in those days. Even hostile newspapers commented angrily on the

strain to which the President was subjected, and prophesied that he would collapse unless some of the pressure of business was removed. But in spite of his gauntness he was a man of great physical endurance. Every inch of his six feet four inches was seasoned and tempered force.

He needed all of it. For from half past nine, when he came into his office, until twelve, when he went to bed, his work went on, almost without cessation. He had very little outdoor life. An occasional drive with Mrs. Lincoln in the afternoon, a more occasional horseback ride, a few moments to fill his lungs with outside air while he walked the few paces to the War Department, was the sum of it. Mrs. Lincoln was anxious that he should have some recreation. I have carried messages to him for her when he was lingering in his office, held by some business. One beautiful afternoon she sent for him so many times that she became impatient and told me to tell him that he must come. He got up with an expression of great submission and said,

"I guess I would better go."

The friends who were with him teased him a little about Mrs. Lincoln's show of authority.

"If you knew how little harm it does me," he said, "and how much good it does her, you wouldn't wonder that I am meek." And he went out laughing.

The White House and its surroundings during war-time had much the appearance of a Southern plantation—straggling and easy-going. On the east side of the house beyond the extension—since removed—which corresponded to the conservatory on the west, was a row of out-houses, a carriage-house and a woodshed among them. Back and east were the kitchen-garden, and the stable where the President's two horses were kept. South of the house was a short stretch of lawn bounded by a high iron fence. Still beyond was rough undergrowth and marsh to the river. In front and to the west was a garden, divided from the rest of the grounds by tall fences. It was a real country garden, with peach-trees and strawberry-vines as well as flowers. It was winter, of course, when I was there, but the people about the house

told me that Mrs. Lincoln used to pick the strawberries for the table herself.

I saw a good deal of Mrs. Lincoln while I was on day duty. Very few who were not about the house realized how exacting were the duties of her position. She was, of course, much absorbed by social duties, which presented difficulties no other President's wife has had to contend against. The house was filled, the receptions were crowded, with all sorts of people, of all varieties of political conviction, who felt, according to the temper of the time, that they had a perfect right to take up the President's time with their discourse and to demand of Mrs. Lincoln social consideration. Nor could there be discrimination used at the state dinner-parties; any man who was bearing a part in the events of the day must be invited—and his women folks. Jim Lane, rough old Kansas fighter, dined beside Salmon P. Chase with his patrician instincts. The White House has never, during my forty years' service, been so entirely given over to the public as during Mr. Lincoln's administration. The times were too anxious to make of social affairs anything more than an aid to more serious matters. It was necessary, of course; but it made it difficult for a first-lady-in-the-land with any preferences or prejudices not to make enemies on every hand.

Mrs. Lincoln had to give some time to household affairs. Everything was comparatively simple at that time; there were fewer servants than have been considered necessary since. The first duty of Mrs. Lincoln's day was a consultation with the steward, whose name was Stackpole. The cook was an old-time negro woman. A good deal of domestic supervision was necessary with the mistress of the house. For state dinners the regular staff was entirely inadequate; a French caterer was called in, who furnished everything, including waiters. It fell to Mrs. Lincoln to choose the set of china which the White House needed at this stage. It was, in my opinion, the handsomest that has ever been used there. In the centre was an eagle surrounded by clouds; the rim was a solid band of maroon. The coloring was soft and pretty, and the design patriotic. The President's wife found time, too, to in-

investigate cases of need that were brought to her attention, and to help. I know of such cases. She was kind to all the employees of the White House. I think she was very generally liked.

Robert Lincoln was an officer on General Grant's staff, and was in Washington only at inauguration time and for a few days at the time of his father's death. But he was a manly, genial young fellow, and we all liked him. Taddie—he was christened Thomas—was the pet of the whole household. He was ten years old at the time. I wish I could show what a capital little fellow he was. I think I will have to take a few minutes to talk of Taddie.

Since the death of the older boy, Willie, which almost broke his father's heart, Mr. Lincoln had kept Tad with him almost constantly. When he had a few minutes to spare he would make a child of himself to play with the boy. We all liked to see the President romp up and down the corridors with Tad, playing horse, turn and turn about, or blind man's buff. Mr. Lincoln was such a sad-looking man usually, it seemed good to have him happy. And he was happy when he was playing with the boy. I am sure the times when he was really resting were when he was galloping around with Tad on his great shoulders. And when the President was too busy to play with him, Tad would play quietly, near as he could get, making a man of himself to be company to his father. That was the sort of a little fellow he was.

He was a tender-hearted boy. Of course all sorts of people found it out and tried to get at the President through him. Mr. Lincoln was criticised sometimes for being too lenient when the boy begged for some one he had been asked to help. But I don't believe mercy was a bad thing to be overdone in those days. Tad's loving heart was just the same thing that made the President suffer so when he had to be severe. The boy was like his father; he looked like him. But with Tad there was no realization of anything else to confuse him. And when Mr. Lincoln was what some people called too indulgent he was just listening to what I believe was the greatest thing in him—his great human heart. And I

don't believe that anything but good ever came of it, either.

I remember one poor woman who came to the White House to get her husband out of prison. She found Taddie in the corridor and told him that her boys and girls were cold and starving because their father was shut up and couldn't work for them. Poor little Taddie couldn't wait a minute. He ran to his father and begged him to have the man set free. The President was busy with some important papers and told him, rather absent-mindedly, that he would look into the case as soon as he had time. But Tad was thinking of the woman, and he clung to his father's knees and begged until the President had to listen, and, listening, became interested. So, after all, Taddie could run back to tell the woman that her husband would be set at liberty. I wish you could have seen the child's face. The woman blessed him and cried, and Taddie cried, and I am not sure that my own eyes were above suspicion.

Tad had a great many friends among the men who were about the White House in various capacities. I myself have a letter from him written from Chicago in July, 1865, a few months after the family had left the White House. It was written for Tad by Mrs. Lincoln, and the business part of it—I had asked if there would be a good opening for me in Chicago—was her own, of course. But the rest is all Taddie:

NEAR CHICAGO *July 1865.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter two weeks since and circumstances prevented an earlier reply. If you come out to Chicago, I expect you can do as well here as anywhere else. We will be very glad to have you live here, for I consider you one of my best friends. You could get a pass, perhaps, from the War Department and come out here and have a try at least. Your board would not cost you more than in Washington—you will know best about it. A gentleman who does business in the city wants a clerk, he lives out here and goes in every day. He says he must write a good hand and not be very slow. Tell us how Charlie is coming on and Dana Pendel—none of them ever write. Tell us about the New people in the house. All news will interest us.

Your friend truly

TADDIE.

"Charlie" was Charles Forbes, an Irishman. He was the footman and one

of Tad's friends. "Dana" Pendel was Thomas Pendel, the doorkeeper, of whom Taddie was also very fond.

James Haliday was another friend. He was a carpenter who worked about the place, and was directed by the President to put up a stage and arrange things for theatrical performances in the little room just over the entrance. That was when Tad was stage-struck and found it necessary to endow a theatre of his own. Perry Kelly—a boy of about Tad's age, whose father was a tinner on Pennsylvania Avenue between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets—was the only other actor, and the audience was composed chiefly of the employees of the place.

Haliday, who is living now in Boston, was also a member of Tad's military company. Like all other boys of those exciting times, Tad had the military fever. But he was allowed to gratify it in a way not open to other boys. The Secretary of War gave him a lieutenant's commission and an order on the arsenal for twenty-five guns; a pretty uniform was made for him. The guns were kept in the basement in a room opening off of the furnace-room, and the Lieutenant had his headquarters in a little place opposite the laundry. He not only drilled his company outside and marched them through the house, but he kept them on guard duty at night to relieve the "buck-tails," as the military guard of the White House was familiarly called. The first night of this military despotism Haliday, who had been appointed a sergeant, appeared before his superior. He saluted and said,

"Mr. Lieutenant, I would like to have a pass this evening." The lieutenant acknowledged the salute and replied,

"All right; I will give the sergeant a pass." He scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to him. The other members of the company were kept up until ten o'clock that night on guard duty. The next day Haliday, knowing what he had escaped, again sought Lieutenant Tad in his basement headquarters. Taking off his hat, he asked for a pass. But the lieutenant "got mad."

"What kind of a soldier are you? You want a pass every evening!" he said.

"All right, Mr. Lieutenant." Haliday was meek enough now. "I will be on duty to-night."

In about an hour Tad sent his sergeant to the National Theatre and left word with another underling that when Haliday returned he was to be given his pass, after all. That night the rest of the company was kept on duty until one o'clock. But that was somewhat too strenuous. Either there was mutiny or the commander-in-chief interfered, for that was the last night they were on duty outside.

Tad's taste of command in military matters was so pleasing that he began to enlarge his field of operations. Haliday, aided by the gardener, was about to take up the carpet in the Congressional, or state, dining-room. The long table made it somewhat difficult, and they were debating about which end to attack it from, when Tad appeared. He surveyed the field.

"Jim," he said to Haliday, "I have a favor to ask of you. Jim, grant it," he coaxed.

Jim of course said "Yes," as every one had a way of doing—and yet it wasn't because it was the President's son.

"Now, Jim," he said, taking an attitude of command, "you work with the other man. I will boss the job." And Haliday, talking about it, asserts to this day: "He told us just how to go about it. And there was no one could engineer it better than he did." Haliday tells, too, that Tad often borrowed money of him when some poor man asked him for help and the boy had nothing in his pockets. "And he always paid me back. He never forgot it."

Taddie could never speak very plainly. He had his own language; the names that he gave some of us we like to remember to-day. The President was "papa-day," which meant "papa dear." Tom Pendel was "Tom Pen," and I was "Took." But for all his baby tongue he had a man's heart and in some things a man's mind. I believe he was the best companion Mr. Lincoln ever had, one who always understood him and whom he always understood.

Additional records of these recollections will appear in later issues of this Magazine.

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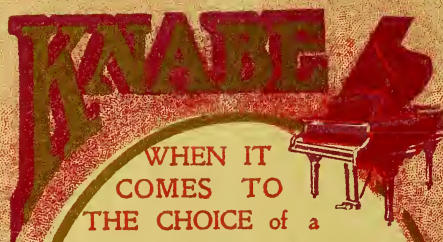
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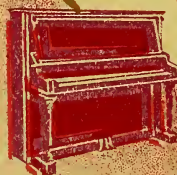
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Lincoln As I Knew Him

BY WILLIAM H. CROOK (*HIS BODY-GUARD*)

COMPILED AND WRITTEN DOWN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

AFTER I had had time enough to become somewhat used to seeing the White House family every day, the crowd of men and women who filled the anteroom to the President's office began to interest me. There were all sorts of people—mothers who wanted to have their husbands returned to them from the army, wounded soldiers who wanted help, ambitious young men who wanted positions, self-appointed advisers who wanted to be listened to, and sisters of deserters who wanted reprieves. The office-seekers were the most persistent and unreasonable. An experience that a friend of mine—Mr. F. J. Whipple, of New York—had with the President will show how Mr. Lincoln felt about them.

Mr. Whipple called at the White House one day. As he was a little early he had to wait in the hall opposite the President's office. He had not been there long when Mr. Lincoln came in from the private part of the house. Whipple rose, saying,

"This is Mr. Lincoln, I believe."

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, sir. You have not an office I would accept."

Mr. Lincoln slapped him on the shoulder.

"Is it possible! Come into my office. I want to look at you. It is a curiosity to see a man who does not want an office. You might as well try to dip the Potomac dry as to satisfy them all."

They had a few minutes' more conversation, while the President idly made some lines on a paper. A few days later I was in the room with the President, when a prominent Senator called upon him. Seeing a pencil sketch on the desk, the visitor asked what it was.

"It is the portrait of the one man who does not want an office," Mr. Lincoln replied.

On one occasion the President was going over, with Secretary Stanton, some applications for commissions in the army, when they came to the last one on the list.

"This fellow hasn't any endorser," said the President. Then he glanced at the letter—became interested. "It's a good, straightforward letter," he said. "I'll be his endorser." And the young man had his lieutenantcy.

One thing which gives me happiness to remember happened on the 2d of March. I was drafted and the other guards with me. Frankly I didn't want to go. I had served in the army already; I had a young wife and a young son at home to hold me. I couldn't afford to pay for a substitute. So I joined the ranks of the people with grievances whom I had been watching for some time and went to the President. I found him in his own room, in dressing-gown and slippers. I told him that I had been drafted, and asked him if he could do anything in my case and in that of Alexander Smith, who was my special friend on the force. He listened to my story as patiently as if he had not heard hundreds like it. I like to remember how kindly he looked at me. When I had finished he said:

"Well, I can't spare you. Come into my office."

I followed him as a child would follow his father. He seated himself at the desk and wrote on a small card a note to Provost-Marshal Frye and told me to take it to him and get the answer. Years after this the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln gave me the card when he was Secretary

NOTE.—Mr. Crook was Lincoln's body-guard from January 4, 1864, to the day of the assassination. His first article, published in the December *Harper's*, attracted world-wide attention. His next article will reveal events of Lincoln's last days not now known.—EDITOR.

of War, and I have it still. It reads: "These two of my men, Crook and Alexander, are drafted and I cannot spare them. P. M. G., please fix.—A. Lincoln. March 2, 1865."

"Alexander" was Alexander Smith, whose last name the President forgot. The other men had their cases "fixed" through Mrs. Lincoln.

It is something to have in President Lincoln's own hand—even though the motive was largely kindness on his own part—the assurance that he couldn't spare me.

Naturally enough the events of the time which are most vivid to me are ones, like this, in which I took some part. Of other things I often have only the recollection that any one else in Washington would have had. Of the ceremonies when the President was a second time installed in office, for instance, I remember very little, or of the inaugural ball—for I wasn't on duty at either of those events. There were the usual exercises, of course, at the inauguration and the ball in the Patent Office. We were all interested in that because it was rumored that Robert Lincoln, who was popular with us, escorted the daughter of Senator Harlan, to whom he was afterwards married. Of the great public reception at the White House the evening of the 5th I remember chiefly the havoc it wrought. The White House looked as if a regiment of rebel troops had been quartered there—with permission to forage. The crowds were enormous, and there were some rough people present. A fever of vandalism seemed to seize them. We had always found that some odds and ends had been carried away as souvenirs after every public reception, but the damage created by this one was something monstrous. I suppose if it had not been that the President was assassinated so soon afterward I wouldn't remember it so vividly. But looking back, it seems some premonition that there would not be much more of Mr. Lincoln's administration must have come to them and made them lawless. They wanted to get mementos while they could. A great piece of red brocade, a yard square almost, was cut from the window-hangings of the East Room, and another piece, not quite so large, from a curtain in

the Green Room. Besides this, flowers from the floral design in the lace curtains were cut out, evidently for an ornament for the top of pincushions or something of the sort. Some arrests were made, after the reception, of persons concerned in the disgraceful business.

These things distressed the President greatly. I can hardly understand why, when he was so calm about things usually, these acts of rowdiness should have impressed him so painfully. It was the senseless violence of it that puzzled him.

"Why should they do it?" he said to me. "How can they?"

But Secretary McCulloch's appointment to succeed Mr. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury seems to me about the biggest event of the period—for I really notified him. It happened this way: Before the President had given Mr. McCulloch any indication that he intended to appoint him, he sent me over to the Treasury, where McCulloch was Comptroller of the Currency. I was to ask "Secretary McCulloch" if he would please come to the President. Whether it was just absent-mindedness in Mr. Lincoln or whether it was just his own way of doing things I don't know. But I went over and repeated the message just as he gave it. Mr. McCulloch blushed like a girl.

"I am not the Secretary," he said. "There is some mistake."

"You will be as soon as you see the President, then," I replied. He went over with me then without further protest. Years after I had a letter from Mr. McCulloch alluding to the incident and to the way the President looked when he told him he wished to appoint him to the position Secretary Chase had left vacant.

Late in March Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, called upon Mr. Lincoln to urge "a more vigorous prosecution of the war," which was the watchword of those men of his own party who criticised the President. Mr. Stevens was one of the ablest, as well as one of the most radical, men then in Congress, but he was a very impatient man. The President listened patiently to Mr. Stevens's argument, and when he had concluded he looked at his visitor a moment in silence. Then he said, looking at Mr. Stevens very shrewdly:

"Stevens, this is a pretty big hog we are trying to catch, and to hold when we do catch him. We must take care that he doesn't slip away from us." Mr. Stevens had to be satisfied with the answer.

A general kindliness marked the President's manner toward all who came to see him. The greater part of the callers were there for one occasion only. With others we grew familiar. General Sheridan was a conspicuous figure. He was a short man with enormous and disproportionate width of shoulder and chest. He had a broad red face and wore a little mustache and imperial. Dr. Gurley, the pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, which the President attended, was often there, as was Surgeon Barnes, the White House physician. Mr. Lincoln admired General Halleck and had great belief in him; his manner, in its cordiality, showed it. General Farnsworth, too, was a special friend of the President's. Speed, the Attorney-General, was Mr. Lincoln's oldest friend in Washington; there were friendship and confidence between the two men. Marshal Ward Lamon, who had been Mr. Lincoln's law partner, was a warm and anxious friend, always most solicitous for the President's safety. Secretary Welles, who was an impressive and handsome old man, with his great stature and bushy white hair, the President especially liked.

In General Grant he had the most unbounded confidence. The two men understood each other. There never was a less assuming man than the General. I remember seeing him at one of the evening receptions in the corridor just before entering. He had on a shabby army overcoat and a slouch-hat. I couldn't help contrasting his appearance and ability with the magnificent gold-laced officers within. I have often seen the President and General Grant poring over maps together. I know that no move was made by his general that the President did not understand and approve. And when, later on, they met at Petersburg, when it was evident that Mr. Lincoln's faith in Grant was to be realized, he was positively affectionate. He looked as if, instead of merely shaking hands, he would have liked to hug the General.

The thing that most impressed me was that, with one exception, Mr. Lincoln was

not influenced in his judgment of men in the slightest degree either by personal liking or by enmity. It was the more remarkable in a man so well fitted for warm friendship, so lovable. At this time of grave personal danger his only standard of measurement was fitness to serve the government. Men came in a never-ending stream to the White House. While, as I have said, his constant attitude was one of kindly consideration, it was also one of control. He was eager to recognize the ability and character of men who were his bitter political enemies; he allowed his personal friend to retire to private life if he knew that the general interest would be promoted by so doing.

To the men who criticised him, as did Thaddeus Stevens, he showed no impatience; to the men who insulted him, as did Duff Green, he answered nothing; to Salmon P. Chase, whose vanity made him disloyal, in spite of high character and great attainments, he was patience itself. In connection with the appointment of Chase to the Chief-Justiceship there is a good story which, I believe, has never been told. It was given to me by Mr. John B. Ally, who was a Congressman from Massachusetts.

It was generally known that Mr. Chase wanted to be nominated for the Presidency by the convention which chose Lincoln for his second term. Mr. Chase consulted Sumner, Ally, and other friends on the subject, and they dissuaded him, urging him instead to seek the Chief-Justiceship, for which he had peculiar qualifications. Chase at first turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, but before leaving for his home in Ohio he said he would think the matter over. For several weeks Mr. Ally heard nothing of him. At the end of that time the Massachusetts Congressman received a letter from Mr. Chase saying that if the appointment were tendered him he would accept.

Mr. Ally immediately saw Mr. Lincoln and put the case before him in the strongest possible light. The President listened very patiently until he had finished. Then he began to talk. He gave reasons for not appointing Mr. Chase. He spoke of Mr. Chase's dislike of the President. He talked feelingly of the many hard things Mrs. Sprague, Mr. Chase's daughter, had said of the President. All of this

left on Mr. Ally the impression that it was useless to press the matter further.

He went to his home greatly disappointed. Very early the next morning a messenger came from the White House asking him to call at his earliest convenience. He went immediately to the White House. Mr. Lincoln met him very cordially, but with his own twinkle in his eye.

"Ally," he said, "I just want to tell you that I am going to send Chase's nomination to the Senate to-day. He is to be Chief Justice of the United States." Ally was so astonished that he could not speak for a moment. Then he said:

"Mr. President, I am very glad to know it, but—from what you said—I thought the case was hopeless."

"Oh," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I only wanted to show you what could be said on the other side. I ought not to blame Chase for the things his daughter said about me."

The peculiar humor of the situation was not apparent to Mr. Ally at the time. The idea of making Chase Chief Justice is known now to have originated with Mr. Lincoln himself and had been fully determined before Mr. Ally made his plea. One can imagine the President's inward appreciation of his own little joke while he urged with all seriousness that the position he was fitted for should be withheld from Salmon P. Chase because the daughter had said feminine things—possibly about the President's social demeanor.

Earlier than this the resignation of Montgomery Blair from the position of Postmaster-General showed a like absence of personal feeling in Mr. Lincoln's public policy. Mr. Blair was a personal friend of the President, who had the warmest possible feeling for him and a conviction of his ability and integrity. But Mr. Blair grew out of sympathy with some members of his party, and his usefulness was impaired by frequent disputes with leading Republicans. Whatever Mr. Lincoln's opinion was as to the relative right or wrong of the disputants, he realized, as did Mr. Blair himself, that the party must be united in its policy. Therefore he allowed Mr. Blair to resign, much as personally he had wished him to remain.

The President's relationship to Secretary Stanton was another instance of Mr. Lincoln's marvellous self-control. Where the good of the nation was involved he didn't even see anything that related only to himself. Secretary Stanton was a strong man and devoted to his country. I believe, too, that he really loved the President. But while he recognized Mr. Lincoln's greatness and was loyal, those traits of Mr. Lincoln's which were antipathetic to his own character irritated him sometimes almost beyond endurance. Mr. Stanton was not a man of much self-control. The President's tenderness of heart seemed to him weakness. The fondness for reading and for jesting, which every day restored the balance in the President's overweighted mind, seemed to Mr. Stanton something approaching imbecility. He was furious once when Mr. Lincoln delayed a cabinet meeting to read the witticisms of Petroleum V. Nasby. When the President, during hours of anxious waiting for news from a great battle, was apparently absorbed in *Hamlet*, Mr. Stanton, whose invectives were varied, called him, I have heard, "a baboon."

To such expressions of a natural impatience Mr. Lincoln opposed a placid front. More than that, he was placid. He knew Secretary Stanton's intense, irritable nature. He knew how the excitement of the time tried men's tempers and shattered their nerves. He himself, apparently, was the only one who was not to be allowed the indulgence of giving way. So Mr. Stanton's indignations passed unnoticed. The two men were often at variance when it came to matters of discipline in the army. On one occasion, I have heard, Secretary Stanton was particularly angry with one of the generals. He was eloquent about him. "I would like to tell him what I think of him!" he stormed.

"Why don't you?" Mr. Lincoln agreed. "Write it all down—do."

Mr. Stanton wrote his letter. When it was finished he took it to the President. The President listened to it all.

"All right. Capital!" he nodded. "And now, Stanton, what are you going to do with it?"

"Do with it? Why, send it, of course!"

"I wouldn't," said the President. "Throw it in the waste-paper basket."

"But it took me two days to write—"

"Yes, yes, and it did you ever so much good. You feel better now. That is all that is necessary. 'Just throw it in the basket.'"

After a little more expostulation, into the basket it went.

I have spoken of an exception to the rule of the President's freedom from personal feeling in his relation to the public men of the time. That exception was Charles Sumner. It is a curious fact that a man who was one of the leaders in the party which had twice chosen Mr. Lincoln to be President, who was an exponent of the belief which determined the most momentous action of Mr. Lincoln's career—the emancipation of the slaves,—should have been the only man, so far as my knowledge goes, to obtain the President's bitter dislike.

The reason of this dislike can never, I believe, be satisfactorily determined. With another man than Mr. Lincoln the explanation would have been a perfectly simple one. Most people know that Sumner was, almost constantly, the President's severe, often peevish, critic. He besieged Mr. Lincoln with advice in and out of season. None of the President's public utterances, according to Senator Sumner, were free from grave faults—his condemnation included both principles expressed and manner of expression. All of this Mr. Lincoln accepted patiently and humorously, as was his custom, passing over the tediousness of it all because of the high character and attainments of the man. Not so many persons know, possibly, that Sumner was actually disloyal to Mr. Lincoln. Just before the President's second nomination Senator Sumner was involved, with Greeley, Godwin, and others, in a conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln. That again, if the President ever knew of Sumner's defection, he might have passed over as magnanimously as he did the opposition of Chase. It is doubtful that he did know of it; when these men found that their movement was hopeless they fell into line and helped to elect Mr. Lincoln. The history of the President's relationship with the men of his party proves that it is not in any matter growing out of Mr. Lincoln's public life that we can find the reason for his dislike of Charles Sumner.

Senator Sumner was a fine-looking man. His presence was tall and commanding; he was well groomed, even exquisite in his appointments. He affected the English type in his clothes, wearing large checks and plaids, and was fond of displaying white spats—which were not, at that time, often seen upon our statesmen. He was a friend of the Chases, a particularly warm friend of Kate Chase Sprague, who sympathized with him in his matrimonial difficulties. He was also, curiously enough, in view of his relationship both to the Chases and to Mr. Lincoln, a friend of Mrs. Lincoln. Not only was he present at state receptions and dinners (which, of course, would argue nothing), but he was Mrs. Lincoln's escort at the second inaugural ball—especially invited, he told a friend, by Mr. Lincoln; and he was a member, with Senator and Mrs. Harlan, the future father and mother in law of Robert Lincoln, of the gay party which Mrs. Lincoln brought down to City Point after the fall of Richmond. Whatever were his grounds for dislike of Sumner, the President did not interfere in the friendship of Mrs. Lincoln for Sumner, nor the admiration which the Massachusetts Senator publicly testified to Mrs. Lincoln's really brilliant mind. It seems to have been entirely personal to himself.

The antipathy was none the less intense. It has never before been disclosed that Mr. Lincoln went to the length of refusing Mr. Sumner admission to his home. The President instructed Elphonso Dunn, who was on duty in the corridor on that occasion, not to allow Charles Sumner to enter the White House. This is a matter of my personal knowledge. It must have been a serious offence which could have induced so charitable a man, and a man so filled with kindness as was President Lincoln, to take measures apparently so severe.

About noon of March 23, the President called me into his room and said:

"Crook, I want you to accompany me to City Point, Virginia. We leave this afternoon. If you have any preparations to make, you must attend to them at once." I hurried home to get the few necessary clothes and say good-by to my family. It was late in the afternoon when I re-

joined Mr. Lincoln on board the *River Queen*, which was lying at the Seventh Street wharf.

There were a good many people on the quay watching the boat. Rumors of the President's departure were about—I'm sure I don't know how; there had been no announcement—and everybody wanted to know where he was going. It took very little to get up an alarm during those last months of the war. But the questions were not answered, and the crowd had to content itself with a glimpse of the President on the deck. They watched while the *River Queen* left her moorings and slowly steamed down the Potomac.

The President was accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Taddie, Captain Penrose of the army, and myself. Penrose had been detailed to have general charge of the party. He was a tall, fine-looking man, fair like an Englishman. Bradford, who was the captain of the *River Queen*, had done everything he could on such short notice to make his guests comfortable. He took me all over the boat and showed me, with some pride, how he had had the staterooms fitted up. Taddie's investigating mind led him everywhere. Before he went to bed he had studied every screw of the engine and knew and counted among his friends every man of the crew. They all liked him, too.

Mr. Lincoln watched the city until he could see it no more. At first he was interested in the sights along the shores. But as we drew near Alexandria he turned back to catch a last glimpse of the city. All the sadness of his face came out now when he was quiet. I realized, as I had never done before, what the war meant to him and how anxious he was. It was growing dark and the air was raw and chilly. But he stayed on deck until we had passed Alexandria. Then every one went inside.

Captain Bradford's long experience of the Potomac had made him acquainted with the histories of spies and blockade-runners who, in the early days of the war, had stolen across the river to the Maryland side. He told us many exciting incidents; he pointed out the landings they had made. The President was very much interested and kept the captain busy answering questions. It was nearly midnight when he went to bed.

Tad and I had a stateroom together. Toward morning I was startled out of a sound sleep by some one entering the room. Before I could speak I heard Mrs. Lincoln's voice: "It is I, Crook. It is growing colder, and I came in to see if my little boy has covers enough on him." In a little while I was awakened again. This time it was by a sensation of great discomfort. I will have to explain that I was a countryman and had been no great traveller. I had never slept on a boat before. It appeared to me that the steamer was slowly climbing up one side of a hill and then rushing down the other. I have since learned that I was seasick. I know I felt awfully blue. Taddie was still asleep. I dressed as best I could and hurried out to demand from the captain what was the matter with the boat. He laughed at me a little, and then informed me that we were in Chesapeake Bay, nearing Fortress Monroe, and that it was a little rough.

Evidently Mr. Lincoln was a better sailor than I was, for he came on deck in a few minutes looking very much rested.

"I'm feeling splendidly," he said. "Is breakfast ready?" He did full justice to the delicious fish when it was served. When we steamed into the mouth of the James and calmer water I recovered my spirits and found that I was hungry.

It was after dark on the 24th when we reached City Point. It was a beautiful sight at this time, with the many-colored lights of the boats in the harbor and the lights of the town straggling up the high bluffs of the shore, crowned by the lights from Grant's headquarters at the top.

It was known at Grant's headquarters that the President was coming, and a lookout had been kept. As soon as the *River Queen* was made fast to the wharf, General Grant with some members of his staff came aboard. They had a long consultation with the President, at the end of which Mr. Lincoln appeared particularly happy. General Grant had evidently made him feel that the end of the conflict was at hand, nearer than he had expected. After General Grant had gone, Taddie and I went ashore to take a look at the place by starlight. We did not get many steps from the steamer before we were halted by a sentinel. I ex-

plained who we were, but Taddie thought he would go back. He said he did not like the looks of things. He wasn't used to being halted by sentinels who didn't know who he was. We went back to the boat. Everybody was up until late. The President and Mrs. Lincoln talked of the trip; they were in very good spirits.

The next day, the 25th, was clear and warmer. We had an opportunity of seeing one of the great centres of the war. In Mr. Lincoln's estimation it was the critical point and he had placed his lieutenant-general, the man in whom he had most faith, in charge. The Appomattox and the James come together at City Point. The harbor thus made is overhung with high bluffs. On the top of one bluff was a group of houses, which Grant and his staff used as headquarters. The harbor was crowded with craft of all kinds—fishing-boats, row-boats, sail-boats, transports, and passenger-boats. From higher ground in the vicinity could be seen the tents of Lee's army. It was a busy camp, and everything was in motion. Just west of our troops was the long curved line of Lee's entrenchments, stretching from Petersburg, south of the James and fifteen miles from City Point, to Richmond, northwest of City Point and nearly double that distance.

We all went ashore and visited General Grant's headquarters. After the greetings, General Grant invited the President to take a ride to the front, where General Meade was in command. When we started, Mr. Lincoln was seen to be on a black pony belonging to General Grant. The name of the animal was Jeff Davis. Everybody laughed at the idea, and at the sight, too, for the President's feet nearly touched the ground. Mr. Lincoln was a good horseman, but always rather an ungainly sight on horseback. He laughed at himself this time, and said, "Well, he may be Jeff Davis and a little too small for me, but he is a good horse."

Mrs. Lincoln rode in an army ambulance with Mrs. Grant, who was a member of the party for that day.

It had been intended when we started for City Point that there should be a grand review of the troops. But the Confederates were active the first part of the ten days before we left to visit Rich-

mond, and the preparations for the final operations before Petersburg were being made the latter part of the time. There was a lull in between, but never a time when it was possible to draw all the soldiers away from their positions. So we never had the grand review.

We saw some lively skirmishing, however, between the picket-lines of the two forces, while we were at General Meade's headquarters. We were on a hill just east of where the troops were engaged; we were not more than a quarter of a mile away from the wood where the fighting was in progress. We could see the shells as they were fired; but while we were there they burst in the air and did no damage. The President asked whether the position was not too close for the comfort of his party. When he was assured that there was no danger he remained two hours watching the struggle, and turned away only when the firing ceased.

On the 26th Mr. Lincoln visited General Ord's command on the northern bank of the James and reviewed the troops. They were brought out in dress parade and went through the evolutions of actual war. Mrs. Ord was a member of the party. To get to General Ord's command we had to cross the James in a boat, and then Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant got into the army ambulance as before, while Mrs. Ord and the gentlemen rode horseback. On the 27th General Sherman arrived, and there was a conference. The President was again much cheered by the confidence of both generals that they would be successful in speedily bringing the war to a close.

The next three days were filled with incidents. On one occasion the President, with General Grant, Admiral Porter, Captain Penrose, Mrs. Lincoln, Taddie, and myself, went up the Appomattox to Point of Rocks, where we were rewarded by a view of the country for miles around. General Grant pointed out the location of General Lee's army; some of their tents were in full view. Near us, as we stood straining our eyes to see all we could of our Confederate adversaries, was a great oak-tree, said to mark the spot where Pocahontas saved the life of Captain John Smith. An inscription nailed to it—"Woodman, spare this tree"—gave us an idea of the

respect due the patriarch. The best view was to be had from the "Crow's-nest"—a lookout tower constructed by General Butler when he was "bottled up" there earlier in the war. I think that the President really threw off the load that was on his mind and enjoyed the day. He said that he had, and looked pleased.

One day, while the President and Mrs. Lincoln were going through the hospital at City Point, doing what they could to cheer up the sick and wounded soldiers and investigating the hospital arrangements, some one told them that Mr. Johnson, the Vice-President, had arrived. Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, I guess he can get along without me." They did not meet at all during the visit. I do not know whether this meant that the President did not like Mr. Johnson or not. It may have been merely that he felt that he was at City Point for a certain purpose and had no time for other things. The fact remains that he was not eager to see Mr. Johnson. The testimony of Major A. E. Johnson, who was Secretary Stanton's private secretary, is interesting in this connection. Major Johnson was present when the news came that Mr. Johnson had been chosen to be Mr. Lincoln's running mate in the second election. He says that the President said: "So they have chosen him—I thought perhaps he would be the man. He is a strong man. I hope he may be the best man. But—" And, since the President rose and went out of the room, the "but" was never explained.

The President made several trips up the James River to visit Admiral Porter and see his iron-clad fleet. One day he dined with him.

Not long before the final assault upon Petersburg a curious incident happened. A man came on board the *River Queen* and asked Captain Bradford if he could see the President. He was referred to me. Mr. Lincoln had instructed me not to admit any one but General Grant or Admiral Porter, so I told the man that the President was not to be seen. The visitor became very much excited. He said that he had rendered Mr. Lincoln valuable services in Illinois during his campaign for the Presidency, and had spent large sums of money. He was in

trouble; he must see the President. He protested that he was known to Mr. Lincoln personally. I asked his name. At first he refused to give it, but finally said that it was "Smith" and that he lived near Mr. Lincoln's home in Illinois.

I went to the President and carried "Smith's" message. Mr. Lincoln laughed at first. "'Smith' is, of course, an uncommon name." Then he became serious. "If what he says is true, I would know him. But I do not. The man is an impostor, and I won't see him."

I went back to "Smith" with the President's answer. The man was very much disturbed, and again begged to be allowed to see him. When that failed he tried to bribe me to take him to Mr. Lincoln. I ordered him to leave the boat at once, and when he delayed told him I would have him arrested if he did not. He turned to Captain Bradford and said defiantly, "If Mr. Lincoln does not know me now, he will know me damned soon after he does see me." He went on shore, and the moment after he had crossed the gangplank he disappeared. I watched him, but could not see where he had gone.

After the death of Mr. Lincoln, every one was anxious to discover the accomplices of the murderer. I called attention to this man "Smith" who had tried so hard to be admitted to Lincoln's presence at City Point. It was known that Surrat had been at City Point at that time, and I was requested to visit Surrat and see if I could identify him as "Smith." I went to court, and Taddie went with me. I had seen Surrat before the war; we had lived in the same county in Maryland. I think "Smith" and Surrat were the same man. It was impossible, however, for me to be absolutely sure. For "Smith" was ragged and dirty and very much sunburnt; he looked like a tramp. While Surrat, at the time I saw him, looked like a very sick man, pale and emaciated. In every other respect they looked alike. The difference in appearance might easily have been brought about by circumstances or by a slight disguise. I shall always believe that Surrat was seeking an opportunity to assassinate the President at this time.

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Swift's Premium

What the Users Say

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

When I first began going to market, the butcher used to draw out a piece of bacon for my inspection, saying always, "Swift's Premium, ma'am, the best there is, ma'am." And so I naturally began buying it, and now though I sometimes try experiments with other brands, I always go back in the end to "Swift's Premium, the best there is."

BARRE, VT.

Having just visited Swift & Company's great plant at Chicago, and seen with what neatness and despatch the work is done, I am more than ever convinced of the excellence of their products. At the Live Stock Show a large number of the animals that took premiums were marked "Bought by Swift & Co." This proves that their buyers believe the best is none too good for Swift's patrons.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Swift's Bacon has a place on our breakfast table almost three hundred and sixty-five days a year. What more can I say of it! The proof of the pudding is in the eating. We ask for nothing better.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

For the past ten years bacon has been considered an indispensable article of food at breakfast in our home. We have tried many brands, but long ago awarded the palm to Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon. Their crispness, delicacy, sweetness and peculiar nut-like flavor render them most agreeable and appetizing to the palate.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon have a delicious, sweet, nut-like flavor. A big advantage they have over other hams and bacon, they need not be soaked in water before using, to draw out surplus salt. They are seasoned just right.

BANGOR, ME.

I have eaten and enjoyed many a breakfast of Swift's delicious Premium Ham, which, when broiled in thin slices and accompanied by an egg, starts the day just right. On a morning when the appetite lags, a dish of Swift's Premium bacon in thin slices, fried crisp to a delicate golden shade makes a meal that revives the most drooping appetite.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The "Don't Worry" problem has been solved for me many times by having in the house at all times a strip of Swift's Premium Bacon or a few slices of Swift's Premium Ham. I have several ways of using the ham which seems to meet the taste of friends visiting me. The bacon is always to be depended upon prepared in the good old way—browned crisp in the oven.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

I am like an Englishman in one respect—I like bacon for breakfast every day in the year. I don't know what brand he uses, but I prefer Swift's Premium. And eating it as I do, 365 times a year, I think I am a competent judge.

SIoux CITY, IA.

We are very fond of bacon for breakfast, and have used many different cures. But the best of all is Swift's Premium. We buy it by the slab and slice it as it is needed. Our visitors always eat heartily and claim they have enjoyed their meal immensely.

CATSKILL, N. Y.

Swift & Company produce the best Hams and Bacon on the market. They are clean, sweet and delicious. Just enough salt and just the right flavor. A thin slice of one of Swift's Premium cold boiled hams, with its pink center and surrounding circle of pure white, sending forth a delicate aroma, is enough to tempt the appetite of a pronounced vegetarian.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

My order to the grocer when hams, bacon and lard are needed, is always, "send Swift's." The Silver Leaf Lard is by far the best procurable in this market, and the Premium hams are by far the best and sweetest I can find. As bacon is always on my breakfast table, no matter what else there is to eat, I can certainly be recognized as speaking from experience.

MANNINGTON, W. VA.

Have used Swift's products a great deal in the five years I have kept house, and have found them "true blue." The Premium Bacon is always so deliciously sweet and appetizing, while Swift's Premium Hams and Silver Leaf Lard are always fresh and good. We used the articles in my girlhood home, so can speak from the experience a long acquaintance gives. They are very generally used here.

KIRKTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon are the finest to be had. The curing and smoking seems to be perfect, giving us sweet, juicy meat and the crispest of bacon.

DENVER, COLO.

Since trying Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon my family will not permit the use of any other brand. We think it the best on the market.

DAYTON, O.

In our home we are of the opinion that a Swift & Company brand of goods cannot be anything but good. Swift's Premium Hams are the best we have ever eaten—so sweet and delicious—and we always feel sure of the healthiness of the meat, and its cleanly preparation.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I find that Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon are most satisfactory in every way. The ham is rich, succulent and of delicious flavor; thoroughly cured and retaining all the sweetness of the meat. The bacon is particularly appetizing, and forms an almost daily part of our breakfasts, and requires but a few moments to transform it into crisp, dainty morsels.

SEATTLE, WASH.

I have used Swift & Company's Premium Hams and Bacon for the last four years and have found them always satisfactory, the flavor being delicious and the quality of uniform standard.

PITTSBURG, PA.

To my mind no breakfast dish can equal a few thin, crisp, fragrant slices of Swift's Premium bacon, and for several years in our home we have eaten with relish, Swift's products several times a week.

Hams and Bacon